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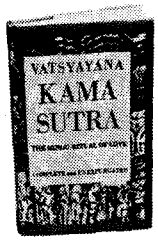

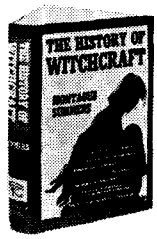

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Famine isn't like a satellite countdown; you don't say "Three-two-one, it's here!" What happens is like the New York water shortage: It develops slowly; experts wring hands; public pays no attention; then, suddenly, it's headlined. That's what's happening in world food. "Malnutrition" becomes "famine" any time the headline writer wants. Our estimate is that the thing is here and will get a lot worse before it gets better. Even the most dramatic counter-measures aren't likely to reverse things for several generations. That's why we think world hunger will be the single most important fact in the final third of the 20th Century.

Don't take our word for it. There have been dozens – scores – of surveys. In fact, the subject has been surveyed to death. Here, for example, is the report of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the US, as of last June: Two billion persons *now* live in areas of nutritional deficiency. (That's two-thirds of the world's population.) They are the ones with the highest birthrates. Half of these people, the report says, (i.e., one billion) "suffer daily or recurrent crippling hunger." The report ends with the usual conventional warnings; unless something is done quickly "the predicted widespread, acute famine in some parts of the world in the next few years will become more grim."

It is a typical report; you probably never heard of it. And here is Gunnar Myrdal, eminent Swedish economist. He foresees a "world calamity." Time? In "five or 10 years." To interviewers he says, "It makes me afraid." He still thinks we have a little time. Well, maybe.

The World Food and Agriculture Organization estimates that maybe 10,000 people a day die of hunger *now*. But of course most victims don't die directly of starvation but of some side-effect: the children in parts of India, Africa, Latin America are frail, stunted, hollow-eyed, with distended stomachs: a touch of sickness and they're gone! Always a couple more, though, to take their place. It's a fecund earth.

War is of course one way to check population; the US has helped Malthus in the India-Pakistan situation, by selling guns to both sides.

Here's a fact: Only three-and-a-half percent of the world's surface is arable. Another fact: World population in 35 years will double. Famine? Of course.

Experts are "substantially less optimistic" now than they were a few years ago about heading off world famine, Lester Brown, staff economist of the Department of Agriculture, told a symposium recently. Chester Bowles testified to a Senate subcommittee in June that the approaching world famine threatens "the most colossal catastrophe in history." He, too, put it in the future, as though something would be done about it. Perhaps. But read a little further: Here is Thomas M. Ware, chairman of the Freedom From Hunger Foundation, himself a practical industrialist.

"Very few grasp the magnitude of the danger that confronts us," he said. He offered an illustration. The new Aswan Dam will add 2 million arable acres on either side of the Nile. But while the dam is being built enough new people will be added to Egypt's population to eat up all the food the dam produces. Result: same hunger, more people.

It is doubtful if Americans understand the population problem. If so, how could the House pass its version of the new "nondiscriminatory" immigration bill? (It does not end discrimination, it just juggles it about.) Latin America, for example, with the highest birth rate in the world, has no quota restrictions at all on immigration to the US. The Senate may change this. But the House majority still quaintly believes that immigration can solve over-population.

As Mr. Ware puts it, "The catastrophe is not something that *may* happen (his italics); on the contrary it is a mathematical certainty that it *will* happen" unless action is immediately forthcoming.

What action? Ten years ago the compassionate US started a food export program: It was wonderful to feed the starving, but population kept growing. Next the US tried a new approach; the soil of hungry lands is good so America sent fertilizer abroad as well as food. Fine. And population kept on growing. Then in the last couple of years came the third effort – give them cash and credit to build their own fertilizer plants. Fine. Population kept growing.

Fewer Births Essential

★ Now comes the fourth phase. Food, fertilizer, hybrids, insecticides, factories, know-how: These are all good. But they won't work unless the recipient nations limit births at the same time. The point will be stressed, we understand, in a report from an interagency task force named by Mr. Johnson. It finds, incidentally, that half the preschool children in "developing" countries are seriously undernourished, amounting to mental and physical retardation for 10 percent to 25 percent.

President Johnson had the courage to mention family planning in both his State of the Union speech, and the one before the UN at San Francisco. It is all the more discouraging that Archbishop O'Boyle of Baltimore delivered his recent anti-birth control tirade. He implied that there is somehow a kind of conspiracy against the poor. Well, the hierarchy in Latin America knows better; it knows that the most generally accepted means of birth control in the world today is abortion. The poor use it; the rich know about birth control.

Barbara Ward describes the widening gap "between a white, complacent, highly bourgeois, very wealthy, very small North Atlantic elite, and everybody else." Yet man can now for the first time feed himself adequately, and he can control the birthrate, too, with the new intra-uterine device. Alas, we guess that the gap will widen and hunger grow, for a time anyway. You can't reverse gears suddenly in a situation that involves most of the earth.

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"People's Wars"

Mao Tse-tung's foreign minister, Marshal Chen Yi, says that Communist China "fully supports" Pakistan and the "freedom fighters of Kashmir" against "the tyrannical domination of India." The Chinese Communists are also pledged to "do everything in their power to support the Vietnamese people until every single one of the US aggressors is driven out of Vietnam" – so says Mao's defense minister, Marshal Lin Piao, in the latest, 70,000-word summation of Mao's views to come out of Peking. It would seem to follow that the Indians, and American soldiers in Vietnam, will soon be encountering massive Chinese forces. We doubt it will happen. Marshal Lin's lengthy article, which was published in all of Communist China's newspapers, seems to us to contain significant revelations of the Communist Chinese leaders' fears and doubts, and their alarm over their growing isolation, rather than displaying their confident hopes about a successful world revolution under Mao's banner. Marshal Lin boastfully predicts that a series of "people's wars" will henceforth keep the US dashing from place to place about the globe "like a mad bull," and in their "blazing fire" the US "will finally be burned to ashes." But Marshal Lin, and so presumably also Mao Tse-tung, seem to be a good deal concerned meanwhile, before the predicted auto-da-fé can be consummated, with the West's admitted "superior material strength," and more specifically with the possibility of a settlement in Vietnam sponsored by the "non-aligned" Afro-Asian nations and acceptable to Hanoi and the Viet Cong. Any such outcome of the Vietnam war might be interpreted as a victory over the Peking Communists by the Moscow Communists, whom Marshal Lin scornfully calls "the Khrushchev revisionists" and attacks as often and as bitterly as he assails the United States. The article suggests, for the first time, some Chinese alarm that Hanoi may yet succumb to what Marshal Lin describes as President Johnson's "tricks," "smokescreen" and "sinister" peace moves. Two things especially seem to have jolted the Chinese; a sudden failure by North Vietnam spokesmen to mention US withdrawal of forces as a precondition of talks, suggesting that Hanoi may now be paying some heed to private Russian advice; and Afro-Asian interest in the expressed US willingness to revive the 1954 Geneva agreements as the basis of a Vietnam settlement. In Peking's eyes, all this adds up to "peaceful coexistence," the despised doctrine offered to the world by the hated "Khrushchev revisionists," to be avoided like the plague by all true believers and

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condemned as the supreme heresy wherever it rears its head. If this analysis is by and large correct, it follows that the strategists and tacticians of this country's foreign policy should firmly decline to take grandiloquent Chinese pronouncements at their face value. Just like the Russian Bolsheviks of 40 years ago, the Chinese no doubt would love the State Department to let them have the credit for fomenting wars and revolutions all around the world – wars and revolutions with which they have very little, if anything, to do. It was after all the US and Britain, not China, that furnished the modern arms which Pakistan and India are using against each other. "The West," says Marshal Chen, "always associates all liberation movements in the world with China." The West would be foolish if it did. In Latin America the Dominican Republic is temporarily and uneasily quiet, but there are rural insurrections in Venezuela, Colombia and Peru, and two articles in this issue draw attention to continuing unrest in the heart of Africa. No more than the fight between Pakistan and India are these troubles or upheavals ever likely to become "people's wars" in the Chinese sense, but the Chinese Communists will claim them as such if they think that helps their prestige vis-à-vis the Russian Communists; and the Soviet ideologues also sometimes claim the credit, so as not to be thought backward in proletarian ardor. The Russians for instance boast that 10,000 African, Asian and Latin American students attending the Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow have been trained as revolutionaries, which would account for some of the students becoming anti-Soviet. In fact, the Soviet leaders are not greatly interested in promoting violent revolution, preferring to warn, as Marshal Lin derided them for doing, that "a single spark in any part of the globe may touch off a world nuclear conflagration, and bring destruction to mankind." The Chinese profess not to believe that this could happen. Yet their deeds as distinct from their words have hitherto been definitely cautious. Their support of "wars of liberation," including Vietnam, has been limited. Marshal Lin's apocalyptic vision of the hated, but admittedly strong, West burning up in the fires of worldwide peasant revolts is little more than a consoling Chinese myth: We are poor, they are rich, but be sure the rich will burn in hell. The West's answer ought not to be the misleading and irrelevant "domino" theory, which indeed is a sort of mirror-image of Marshal Lin's chain of inevitable happenings which won't in fact happen. The common sense course for the West is to assist the peasant two-thirds of mankind, not with "anti-Communist" military aid which, as the Kashmir war shows, can be diverted to quite other ends, but economic aid that helps eradicate the misery which truly breeds "people's wars," and which would do so even if Mao Tse-tung and Karl Marx had never lived.

Oh, Oh, 007

The adventures of the Central Intelligence Agency are becoming almost as well advertised as the capers of James Bond, though they are less entertaining and more expensive. Between what the agency claims for itself and what is held against it, quite a lurid history is being written. If CIA did not overthrow a government in Iran, it did nothing to deny it. It did not refuse credit for a coup d'etat in Guatemala, or for a principal role in planning the abortive invasion of Cuba. It was troublesome enough so that President Kennedy felt obliged to send a letter to his ambassadors abroad affirming their authority over *all* US operations in their respective countries – an authority many ambassadors choose not to exercise, on the theory that a sincere denial is more savory than a dishonest disclaimer. Ambassador Lodge in 1963 finally managed to get rid of his CIA Chief of Operations in Vietnam who, according to the *New York Times'* report, confused matters by not confining his operations to gathering and analyzing intelligence. This year, there has been a rash of awkward incidents. In February, President Sukarno of Indonesia charged the CIA with meddling in the internal affairs of his country. In April, the Indonesian press said that fourteen Filipinos who had been jailed on charges of illegal entry were "American spies of the CIA." Not many weeks ago, the French intercepted an American reconnaissance plane flying over a nuclear power plant; Washington apologized for the "inadvertent violation" of French air space, explained that it was "just a routine training flight," and then turned over to the French 175 undeveloped photographs. There followed the charge by the Prime Minister of Singapore, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, that a CIA man had been arrested in Singapore in 1960 for trying to buy information, and that the US had offered Mr. Lee $3 million to conceal the incident. This was denied by the State Department, after which Mr. Lee showed reporters a letter from Dean Rusk dated April 15, 1961 expressing his deep distress over the incident. And last week, General Wessin y Wessin said in Santo Domingo that he had been visited at "midnight . . . an improper hour to call on a humble Dominican home . . ." by a CIA man who offered him $50,000 for his home, if he would leave the country.

Can there be no better scrutiny and supervision of this gigantic operation, which employs around 200,000 people and spends an estimated several billion dollars a year? Public opinion is not agitated; nor is Congress or the Executive branch. American scholars and academic institutions that benefit from CIA subsidy are disinclined to be critical. Yet if the State Department were ruining the name of the US throughout the world there would be a howl of outraged indignation.

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Back to Bosch?

Within nine months Juan Bosch may be once again the democratically elected President of the Dominican Republic. Dr. Bosch was elected President with a large majority in 1963 but was deposed by a military coup the same year. This April an attempt to restore him and to overthrow the ruling junta was prevented from achieving its object by the armed intervention of this country, which defended its action by claiming to have evidence that "Communists" were on the point of taking charge of the Bosch revolution. Bosch himself heatedly denied this, but stepped aside as the revolutionary forces' President-designate and remained in Puerto Rico. If Bosch now returns to Santo Domingo and is again elected President, a sad Dominican chapter will have had a reasonably happy ending.

But a lot can happen in nine months, and the man in charge in Santo Domingo, Hector Garcia-Godoy, has his hands full of troubles. He was installed as interim President as a result of an agreement more or less forced on the military junta and on the pro-Bosch, anti-junta forces by the Organization of American States, which means for all practical purposes by the US, since the OAS forces in the Dominican Republic include, to put it mildly, 9,000 American troops. The US is probably going to lend Garcia-Godoy about $100-million, to start the wheels going round again. But he is under strong pressure from the junta, which almost within minutes of its grudging acquiescence in the OAS settlement renewed the allegations of an imminent Communist take-over. Garcia-Godoy is also under strong pressure from some of the pro-Bosch forces who are reluctant to hand over their arms and are demanding instant withdrawal of the 9,000 American troops. Garcia-Godoy was Bosch's foreign minister and seems to have unusually high survivability, having managed to serve in several Dominican regimes, including Trujillo's. He will need all his political acumen. If, during the nine months of preparations for elections, the US feels compelled to continue or renew its intervention, there ought to be no doubt whom it is supporting – the democratic forces, not the military typified by the Neanderthalish General Wessin y Wessin, who probably has more capacity for causing trouble than the four small, feuding, left-wing parties who were known to be in the Dominican Republic before the attempted April revolt and presumably are still there.

Numbers Game in Tires

Last winter the rubber manufacturers blithely told the Federal Trade Commission that neither the auto nor the tire industry set maximum loads for tires. Instead, the usual practice was to equip a six-passenger auto with tires designed only to support the weight of three occupants without baggage.

At the time, the tire people blamed the auto industry for this situation. In recent testimony before a Senate Commerce subcommittee, the automobile manufacturers claim to have remedied matters by setting maximum load standards. Decals presenting this information will be stuck on all new-model cars.

But reports from the National Tire Dealers and Retreaders Association and from government tire experts suggest that this is a ruse by Detroit to keep Congress from passing tire safety standards. Apparently all Detroit really has done is to revise the load ratings upwards, without changing the size of the tire at all.

This is not likely to go down well with the committee, which when it began hearings into tire safety was not particularly ill-disposed toward the industry. Senator Gaylord Nelson has a bill to set federal safety standards for tires. It isn't likely to get anywhere this session, and there really is little apparent enthusiasm for the subject in the Senate. But the automobile manufacturers are said to have antagonized members of the Commerce Committee, so that now Mr. Magnuson, the chairman, may be interested in the legislation. Then Detroit would be faced with a formidable foe.

Safe Bureaucratic Decision

One way to help poverty-stricken families make a better go of it would be for the poverty program to tell the women about birth control and provide them with devices if wanted. And the anti-poverty war *has* spent about $300,000 for birth-control programs in half-a-dozen places. But there is a hitch to these efforts. The poverty program, on its own, set rules forbidding the use of its funds for dissemination of birth-control devices or drugs to unmarried women or married women not living with their husbands. Mr. Pat Moynihan, the former Assistant Secretary of Labor, pointed out in his study on the Negro family that about one quarter of such families are headed by women who don't live with their husbands. These women, living in crowded two-room slum flats, surrounded by children they can't care for properly, are the source of the surging Negro birth rate. Surely the Office of Economic Opportunity should make available the same family planning opportunities to poor single women, whether white or Negro, as well as married women.

In explaining the origin of this policy, an official at the poverty program said the agency had to decide whether the real needs of these women outweighed the possibility that by giving them birth-control materials the OEO might actually be encouraging illicit sex. It decided the latter was the case.

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The AMA and That Disease

The AMA, long the Anti-Medicare Association, now is turning its attention to other things, among them a national publicity campaign to attack venereal disease. VD is on the rise – last year infecting more than a million people – despite medical techniques capable of wiping it out completely. What is keeping doctors from doing just that is a combination of apathy and ignorance on the part of the public and physicians, compounded by the reluctance of nice people to admit that VD is even a problem.

The eradication of gonorrhea and syphilis, the two most common venereal diseases, has been theoretically possible ever since the introduction of penicillin over 20 years ago. And for a long time the number of cases did decline. But now again the incidence of the disease has reached "epidemic proportions" in some large cities and nationally the number of syphilis cases has tripled in the past five years. Especially affected have been the young, the male homosexual and others with a penchant for promiscuity. The American Medical Association is trying to do essentially two things: tell people what VD is and encourage those who think they might have it to see a doctor. Unfortunately both are easier said than done.

First, it has been very difficult for doctors to get the ear of the people who have the ear of the public. The television networks, whose entertainment programs offer a feast of sex and violence, have considered the mere mention of venereal disease unfit for a family audience. Newspapers obligingly carried the AMA's campaign press release but discreetly skipped over the part detailing VD symptoms. (In syphilis, a painless sore or chancre on the genitals followed after some weeks by such symptoms as fever, sore throat, and severe headaches, a rash, oozing sores. In gonorrhea, inflammation of the genitals, a burning pain during urination, a discharge of pus.)

Once an infected person has been persuaded to see his doctor there are more problems. Doctors are reluctant to report cases of VD to public health officials who in turn can try to track down a person's sex contacts for treatment. Where there is one case of VD there is always another, since people don't contract it from toilet seats and drinking cups. And treating only one person does little to halt the spread of the disease. In Washington and other cities all positive blood-test results must be reported to the local public health office. Many physicians, however, prefer not to "violate" the confidential relationship they have with their patients and fail to report VD cases. Actually, public health investigations are handled discreetly. The Washington, D. C., public health department has gone to the length of maintaining an unmarked office in a downtown building where examinations and treatment of reported sex partners can be conducted without fanfare or embarrassment. No punitive action is taken against anyone. The person reported is not told who reported him.

The AMA hopes to accomplish its modest educational aims with pamphlets, posters and articles in professional and lay publications; TV and radio spot announcements; symposia with doctors; and programs in schools and hospitals. But even the AMA is a bit squeamish. To accommodate wary network officials it deleted the words "syphilis" and "gonorrhea" and the expression "intimate contact" from a sixty-second animated film the networks will put on the air. They thought these words a little "strong." Richard Dumont, the Association's PR man responsible for the film, said "We've moderated this one just to get it on the air. We'd like to get much more specific in future announcements." The TV spot as it will appear goes like this: "Once a cure for venereal disease nearly eliminated the letters VD from the list of major health problems" (enter letters V and D, enter needle marked "penicillin," crumble letters VD) . . . "Every ripple of untreated VD has become a wave of infection" (enter wave of infection) . . . "Early and continued medical treatment can still cure VD but it will not be wiped out until everyone learns to seek advice if exposure to infection is suspected" (How do you get VD anyway?) "or until complacency and ignorance about VD are replaced by a moral climate in which it cannot breed" (that is, until people stop being promiscuous).

For years the armed forces have told recruits about the often effective, though imperfect, means of preventing as well as curing VD, reasoning that whether society likes it or not promiscuity is probably here to stay. A Defense Department doctor said of the practice: "First the chaplain is given his say, preaching continence. Then the medical officer comes in as sort of a cleanup man, saying that if by some chance you should find yourself engaged in intercourse, then this is what you should do."

"The military," he went on, "has for many years recognized the facts of life."

The AMA doesn't plan to discuss prevention, since it doesn't want to appear to sanction promiscuity. And this is perhaps to be expected, since its TV spots don't even mention what VD is, or how one gets it. "Prophylaxis is a sensitive area," said an AMA official. "We've already found that we have to be particularly careful."

DAVID SANFORD

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The Oil Rush

Earth's largest known store of oil energy lies where three states meet – Colorado, Wyoming and Utah. It is locked up in a shale deposit left by an ancient lake, covering some 1,500 square miles and at some points 1,500 feet deep. Its probable size and value have grown with every survey. It is now estimated to hold more than a thousand billion barrels of oil, with a market value approaching three trillion dollars.

At the usual royalty paid to landowners for oil taken from beneath their land, this could net potential revenue to the federal taxpayer of $300 billions or more, enough to pay off the national debt. Some conservationists are suggesting exactly this, to dramatize its value and save it for the citizens who own it rather than allowing it to slip into private hands now reaching for it: a bill to dedicate all of the government's prospective revenues from it to reducing or extinguishing the national debt.

The oil industry's attitude has recently changed in a striking way. A quarter-century ago, under the lash of war and with Hitler's submarines threatening our oil imports, Congress authorized the US Bureau of Mines to begin a crash program in the rapid large-scale production of shale and the retorting of shale oil, and producing liquid fuels from coal. The Bureau did a first-class job. At its Rifle, Colo., plant it produced shale fast, and turned it into oil. But as soon as the Eisenhower Administration came in, the oil industry got Congress to cut off all such operations, apparently fearful of governmental or government-encouraged competition.

For years the industry's only concern seemed to be to prevent a shale-oil industry getting started. Some claims had been filed under the old mining laws of 1872, but Herbert Hoover, that eminent socialist, had withdrawn the shale lands from entry. About 80 percent remains in the government's hands – that is, yours and mine.

Suddenly the industry's attitude changed. It is contributing to a fund under which experimentation is going on at Rifle under its own auspices. A private company, TOSCO (The Oil Shale Corp.) is completing an enlarged pilot plant on its own land, to use a new extraction process. Should this produce oil at a cost competitive with that of crude, a plant to treat 50,000 tons daily is contemplated. One other experimental plant was built during the fifties, by Union Oil of California, but it is closed.

TOSCO's plan brought a rush of leasing interest by oil companies and others. Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall named an advisory committee on shale policy, headed by Joseph L. Fisher, president of Resources For The Future, and including economist J. K. Galbraith of Harvard. They indicated that they thought the oil companies are more interested in sewing up the land and the shale resource for the distant future than in going ahead now. They advised Udall to move slowly, which produced a charge from the oil industry and from some congressional friends that the advisers are socialists, like Mr. Hoover. One even went so far as to declare that "we need congressional action, or a new Secretary of the Interior."

Some elements in the industry would like the taxpayer to forego royalty or rent. One big company suggests a five percent royalty would be about right; one-twentieth rather than the usual one-eighth, which would in effect be a subsidy of many million dollars.

The law limits the lease of any one operator to eight square miles, but some areas are so rich that operators there would have access to about 18 billion barrels of oil, or about two-thirds of all our liquid reserves.

Meanwhile, conservation questions go unanswered. The semiarid area doesn't produce enough water for a big shale industry, so the necessary water would have to be withdrawn from irrigation or other present uses. The shale burns to a fine ash, and unless the ash were stored back underground it would destroy vegetation and pollute the waters and the sky far beyond the shale country. Underground burning has been suggested, with the heat forcing the vaporized shale to the surface.

The whole problem needs much further study, and there seems time for it, since liquid oil is still so plentiful that the fields are stringently prorationed and domestic operators are continually fighting to restrict the import of foreign crude. Americans of 50 years hence will probably feel more grateful to us if they are then able to draw upon the shales in a world which may then be lacking oil, than if they are left with a litter of ash and pollution in place of the shales.

Roscoe Fleming

Fighting Crime

The Supreme Court, in the famous 1957 case of *Mallory v. United States*, held that so-called station-house confessions, obtained from an arrested person prior to his formal arraignment before a committing magistrate, are not admissible in evidence in the federal courts if the arraignment was unnecessarily or unreasonably delayed. Debate has raged over the past eight years, widely and sometimes violently, around the question of what is reasonable or necessary under the *Mallory* rule. Much of the diffuse but intense feeling that crime is tending to overwhelm our society has seemed to focus on the *Mallory* case. Together with some further

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decisions it has spawned, *Mallory* has come in great measure to symbolize the judicial laxity that is felt to contribute to the rising crime rate. This is not an intelligent or even a thoughtful feeling. As Deputy Attorney General Ramsey Clark said recently: "Court rules do not cause crime. People do not commit crimes because of decisions restricting police questions or because they think they might not be convicted." Nor, he could have added, have we any substantial evidence to lead us to believe that courts can in any measure prevent crime. Yet people persist in feeling the contrary, and not surprisingly Congress is responding. The House has passed a bill virtually abrogating the *Mallory* rule, and on August 31 the Senate also passed a bill, although a markedly different one.

The Senate acted under the lash of such a statement as that of Senator John Stennis (D, Miss.) that it "had better help protect our women from roaming robbers and rapers now." That is nonsense. Yet the police *should* have the means to bring criminals to book, and it cannot be denied that efforts to do so have been on occasion unjustifiably hampered by confused or rigidly doctrinaire judicial applications of the *Mallory* rule. What the Senate did was to offer an authoritative interpretation of the *Mallory* rule, and it is an intelligent one at that. The Senate would require that an arrested person be plainly informed that any statement that he might make can be used against him, and that he need make no statement at all; that he be afforded opportunity to notify a relative or friend, and to consult a lawyer, if he has one; that the aggregate period of questioning, exclusive of interruptions, not exceed three hours between the arrest and the completion of any confession, admission, or statement; and that the questioning, whenever reasonably possible, be witnessed by an impartial third party, or be transcribed or recorded verbatim. When all these conditions are met, the Senate bill would allow a confession to be admitted in evidence. It applies, incidentally, only in the District of Columbia, which is the only major city where the federal government has general police and criminal jurisdiction.

It is possible to worry – with Senator Wayne Morse (D, Ore.) – that under this bill the police could hold a man for a month, without formally arraigning him, and question him intermittently for a sum total of no more than three hours. But one can surely trust the courts not to construe this bill so as to permit such an unconstitutional outrage. On the whole, the bill is a sensible accommodation, within the framework of the original *Mallory* holding, between the rights of the accused and society's desire to convict and punish the guilty. The trouble is that it is at best only one of the possible intelligent accommodations. It follows upon substantial hearings held before the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, but it rests on no factual studies seeking to answer the kind of questions raised in these pages by Professor Herbert L. Packer of the Stanford University Law School (*NR*, September 4). Moreover the bill deals with one tiny fragment – and it is a tiny fragment only, despite all the public excitement that centers on it – of a large problem constituted of many such fragments, all interrelated. "Experience with legislative reform in the criminal field," Professor Packer pointed out, "has been that it is difficult to accomplish and, once accomplished, almost impossible to reopen. Any code of police practices that . . . achieves widespread legislative acceptance (either because it is good or because it is better than nothing) will in all likelihood set the pattern of governing law for at least the next half-century." That may well be the case with this Senate bill, and it would be a great pity, for while the bill represents an intelligent approach, we do not know enough to know that it is good, let alone good enough to last for half a century.

Nor is it true that this bill is better than nothing, for it does not replace nothing. It is in fact faithfully modeled on, and replaces, a general order concerning the questioning of persons arrested on felony charges issued on August 11, 1965 by District of Columbia Chief of Police John B. Layton, who was acting on the advice of the then US Attorney for the District of Columbia, David C. Acheson. The Senate bill, therefore, would hasten to freeze into statute law a pioneering administrative regulation now being tested against experience in a major police department. This is plainly and rashly unwise, the more so as, considering the drift of debate, it will give Congress and the public an illusion that something has been done to stop crime in the streets. For these reasons, a small band of Senators, led by Robert F. Kennedy of New York and Joseph D. Tydings of Maryland (both of whom are former prosecutors), as well as the Johnson Administration, resisted the Senate bill.

That bill now goes to a conference committee. If anything resembling the abomination passed in the House should emerge from committee, of course it is to be expected that President Johnson will veto it. But the President should veto even the Senate bill, even if it should emerge intact. The Johnson Administration may not be doing enough, but it is doing more than any Administration since that of Herbert Hoover to engage the resources of the federal government in the improvement of criminal justice. The Administration already has enough and will soon have more in its record to fall back upon in defending itself against charges that it failed to "fight crime." It is in an excellent position, therefore, to stop premature and unwise congressional action.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

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Africa's New Verwoerd

The Tightening White Grip on Rhodesia

by Aaron Segal

Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs G. Mennen Williams recently had this to say about Rhodesia: "Large numbers of that country's educated African citizens are imprisoned or under detention for seeking elementary human rights long accepted as man's birthright elsewhere in the world. Southern Rhodesia, a self-governing British colony since 1923 under a white minority government, has enacted stringent legislation designed to perpetuate control of nearly four million Africans by 215,000 whites. Nearly all of its black African leaders are either restricted to remote, primitive camps or are in voluntary exile. More than 2,000 black Africans have been arrested (restricted) under 1964 security legislation.

"The government of Southern Rhodesia has stated publicly on numerous recent occasions that it is considering a unilateral declaration of independence from the United Kingdom, if current negotiations for independence are not successful. This indicates the extent of white Southern Rhodesian opposition to the British position that independence for the colony will be granted only with the consent of the majority of the inhabitants. The United States has given, and will continue to give, its support to a peaceful transition to independence for Southern Rhodesia under a government based upon the consent of the governed. . . .

"Let me make our position crystal clear, so there will be no misunderstanding. The United States will support the British government to the fullest extent, if asked to do so, in its efforts to reach a solution of the Southern Rhodesian problem. We would also support the British government to the fullest extent, in case of a unilateral declaration of independence in Southern Rhodesia. A unilateral break in the constitutional relations of Southern Rhodesia with the United Kingdom by the Southern Rhodesian government would cause inevitable political, economic and social chaos in the country. I am firmly convinced that an illegal minority government in Southern Rhodesia would not find international support or recognition. I therefore urge in the most serious manner, and with the utmost of good will, that the Southern Rhodesian government recognize the full consequences of an act of rebellion."

The white Prime Minister, Ian Smith, is a thin, tight-lipped tobacco farmer who has said that only through independence from Britain can the dreaded day when "white" Rhodesia becomes an African country be warded off. He has encouraged belief that if Britain will not voluntarily grant white Rhodesians independence, they will seize it unilaterally and illegally.

The only daily newspaper in Southern Rhodesia which catered to Africans has been shut down by government order. Radio and television proclaim the message of white supremacy. The University College at Salisbury, which accepts white and African students, faces a steady exodus of faculty because of the government's contractions of academic freedom.

A Unilateral Declaration of Independence (UDI) has come to acquire for most white Rhodesians the potency of a fetish with which to ward off the black menace. Smith and a right-wing politician called Winston Field used the promise of UDI to wrest power from Prime Minister Sir Edgar Whitehead, whose policy was essentially "equal rights for all civilized men." Sir Edgar had induced white Rhodesians to accept, under British pressure, a 1961 constitution which, by enfranchising Africans who met certain income and educational qualifications, meant that eventually there would be an African majority on the voters' roll. This majority, however, might not have come about until the end of the century. But the mere threat was sufficient to cause white opinion in Rhodesia to take power away from Whitehead and bestow it on Field and Smith. Last year, Smith ousted Field as Prime Minister; Field had become too "moderate."

Smith cannot legally emasculate the 1961 constitution as long as Britain retains ultimate responsibility for Rhodesia. Nor will any British government, Conservative or Labour, agree to independence for Rhodesia unless there is a guarantee of a transfer of power to Africans. And the British government has tried to make crystal clear what UDI could cost Rhodesia. To cite only one instance, a balance of payments surplus of $280,000 would probably become a $150 million deficit; industrial output would certainly fall.

Rhodesians know Britain will deny diplomatic rela-

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tions to an illegally independent Rhodesia; invalidate Rhodesian passports; remove the Commonwealth preferential tariff whereby Rhodesia sells half of its tobacco crop to Britain; and perhaps freeze Rhodesian sterling assets in London. But they also know that no British government can afford military intervention against white Rhodesians. Race has been shown to mean votes in British elections. The Labour Government's tiny majority could be eliminated by right-wing British press stories of white Britons sent to fight whites of British descent.

The African leaders in Rhodesia and in the adjoining independent African State of Zambia fear a military alliance of South Africa, Rhodesia, the Portuguese in Africa, and Tshombe's Congo if there is a conflict over Rhodesian independence. Such a conflict would affect the 15 percent of the non-Communist world's copper which is produced in Zambia but depends on Southern Rhodesian coal for its furnaces, on hydroelectric power from the Kariba Dam, whose turbines are located on the Southern Rhodesian bank of the Zambezi, and on the Rhodesian Railways, jointly owned and operated by the Rhodesian and Zambian governments.

The Chinese have offered to help build part of a railway that would bypass Southern Rhodesia and Portuguese Africa and take the copper out through Tanzania. At this year's Commonwealth conference in London, Julius Nyerere, the President of Tanzania, accused Harold Wilson, the British Prime Minister, of kowtowing to Ian Smith by asking Smith to "guarantee" the rights of the African majority in Southern Rhodesia, but failing to insist that Rhodesia could achieve independence only "on the basis of majority rule." Nyerere argued that majority rights and majority rule were not quite the same thing and "it was the adamant refusal of Mr. Wilson to commit the British government to these six words that caused all the trouble." Kenneth Kaunda the President of Zambia threatened Ian Smith with war, causing Smith's most firebrand Minister, William Harper, to snort "poppycock!" and to declare that Zambia "does not have the capacity."

Tshombe May Seek Anti-White Role

The Congo, Africa's ulcer, is acting up again; as always, it may affect the whole body African, or vulnerable parts of it. The fairly successful Joseph Kasavubu-Moise Tshombe marriage of convenience is under strain, and presidential elections are on the way.

All Congolese politicians of importance who have challenged "King Joseph" in the past have been rewarded either with death or the wilderness. As an ex-Premier, Tshombe would presumably have to go to jail: He could hardly be allowed to return to Elisabethville and help stir up mischief there.

For the moment, at least, Tshombe has come to terms. He has accepted Kasavubu's right to fire his (Tshombe's) right-hand man, Interior Minister Godefroid Munongo and replace him with someone not of Tshombe's choosing – Security Police Chief Victor Nendaka. The Nendaka appointment gives the President loyal eyes and ears both in the cabinet and the most sensitive ministry of all.

A 41-year-old former barkeep from the Stanleyville area and former vice-chairman of Lumumba's party, Nendaka is a conservative who, in the Congolese pecking order, now probably rates second-equal with Tshombe himself – whom he would probably have the job of arresting if the Premier resigned. If the need arose, he would be more capable of heading a military junta than Army Commander Joseph Mobutu.

Kasavubu and Tshombe may exercise their African gifts for peace-palavering: The Congo may continue to get "the mixture as before." But if it does not, either Kasavubu will remain President and choose a new Premier – Tshombe's elimination would help to ensure Kasavubu's election in the legislative college – or Tshombe, now accepted by most African states and no longer needing "Kasa" as a passport to legitimacy, will be the new President.

If Kasavubu wins and selects a new vizier, early favorites would be Cyrille Adoula, Victor Nendaka and Joseph Ileo. Kasavubu has always been reluctant to head the cabinet himself, for shrewd psychological reasons based on African traditions.

Adoula as Premier again would mean less active pan-Africanism in Leopoldville, less enthusiasm about the Congo's new membership of the (once more crisis-ridden) Afro-Malagasy Common Services Organization (OCAM), and a sharp reluctance to follow OCAM membership to its ultimate conclusion – membership of the French franc zone, a key to financial stability but also to French commercial hegemony.

A return of Adoula would also mean more scruples and integrity and better administration than under Tshombe, but less "style" and less grass-roots popularity. A return to the diminutive Ileo (Premier 1960-61), a retiring man with much to be modest about,

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would presumably mean a return to do-nothingism, and perhaps new tribal rebellions. But of all Kasavubu's stable, Ileo is the most subservient mount and therefore cannot be ignored as a possible choice.

Nendaka would run the sort of state that one would expect from a chief of security police. Putting Adoula – and, even more, Nendaka – in power in place of Tshombe would fan the flames of Katangese irredentism. Whether the mercenaries would agree to put down a *Katangese* rebellion is uncertain – they might join it. Without its foreign legion, the Congo would be unable to prevent secession in the South. Tshombe got the premiership last year principally because this ensured Katanga's loyalty.

If Tshombe, who aspires to be more than just the leader of the Congo, becomes President, he will seek to promote his pan-African image. Southern Africa is the obvious field for this exercise, with Rhodesia, South Africa and Portuguese Africa as cancers on which the African states themselves would operate. This means, in the context of regional military realities, the procurement of Soviet missile bases.

The ex-NATO base of Kamina in Tshombe's Katanga is the ideal site for big weaponry. Tshombe already plays host and armorer to the Angolan Liberation Army without losing use of Portugal's Benguela railroad. A move to force the other last-ditch white governments in Black Africa to negotiate would make Tshombe a continental hero – something Kasavubu, a visceral isolationist, does not seek to be.

The move might disaffect Tshombe's South African and Rhodesian mercenaries, but at that point, if Tshombe still needed external assistance for keeping the Congo down, he would probably merit aid from other African states. He is currently sparing some of his mercenaries to fight for the Negro Sudanese against Khartoum – reflecting his confidence about the internal situation and his desire for a "pan-African" image.

Mis-accused of being pro-colonialist by Africans, mis-praised for being pro-Western by Westerners, Tshombe, an astutely opportunistic African nationalist with broad horizons, and unburdened by ideological baggage, has already astonished Africa by his relative success in bringing some stability to the Congo. If Tshombe could help to lead the children of bondage south of Zambezi to freedom, his niche in history would confirm his own high opinion of himself.

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

Perking Up the Nation's Parks

by Nathaniel M. McKitterick

As the lady from Kansas said while ironing her pillowcases in the laundromat at Mesa Verde National Park, "I feel right at home, they even have my favorite detergent." Outside, her husband was regaling fellow campers with a report of flush toilets at Lake Vallecito, Colorado's newest state park.

This vignette was typical of the hordes of visitors to the National Parks this summer. More of them crammed into Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado than the 1.5 million American tourists who went to Europe. An estimated 2.5 million will visit Grand Teton Park in Wyoming, where Mrs. Johnson is sojourning this month. Yet the chances are that, outside of the President's family and my own, few Park visitors were heeding the President's command to mind the balance of payments and see America first.

As a Europe-oriented Easterner who has discovered the West for the first time, I would like to be able to trumpet my discoveries to all of Europe through the Voice of America and end up with a hearty, "Y'all come!" But I won't. Unless the European tourist has a friend out there ready to direct him to some of the unpublicized grandeurs (as we were directed); unless he hates food or has a wife (like mine) who can prepare delicious little dinners over a campfire; unless he likes to walk and walk and walk at high altitudes and low (as we do); then he'd better stay home.

The well-mannered and intelligent rangers of the National Park and Forest Services try to instruct the average park visitor in something more than pathetic attempts to capture dazzling panoramas of Western landscape on pathetically inadequate bits of film. They despair over the fact that less than one percent of visitors to Grand Canyon (300,000 in July alone) ever venture below the canyon rims. They can induce only a tiny minority of visitors to visit Bryce Canyon and take time to wander through the phantasmagoria of that natural Disneyland. At Mesa Verde we were told that only 7 percent bother to take the guided tours of the cliff dwellings.

Also, park visitors are litterbugs. They wantonly pick flowers, chop down young trees, scrawl their ini-

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tials on Indian ruins and feed popcorn to the chipmunks. A ranger told us with almost sadistic satisfaction of one visiting family who, having inscribed their names prominently on a scenic rock in the Grand Canyon, was hounded to their very doorstep in Los Angeles and served with a stiff fine.

The rangers are much better naturalists, geologists and historians than they are tourist guides. The Park Service isn't set up to promote tourism. What it needs to do is to hire in Europe, say in France or Switzerland, a good tourist consultant. According to Secretary of Commerce Connor, American tourists will spend in Europe this year some $2 billion more than European tourists will spend in the US. The boosters of the West ought to take this as a challenge. They ought to look hard at their vast and undeveloped potential with a professional tourist's eye and ask the Park Service to help. Here are some things the Park Service might do:

► Grand Canyon would be a much better tourist attraction if an aerial cableway were built connecting the north and south rims, with perhaps an additional cableway built from each rim to the Canyon floor. The *telefariques* of Chamonix, connecting France, Italy and Switzerland with 26 miles of aerial cableway, are one of the most exciting and popular tourist attractions in that part of Europe. People, as Philip Wylie once observed, love to go places sitting down, even at Chamonix where the cables are 13,000 feet in the air. The purists will say, of course, that such a desecration of Grand Canyon would be intolerable; they would much rather revert to the day when Major Powell first went down the Colorado River and "discovered" the Canyon. But with 300,000 visitors in each summer month, this would seem a rather impracticable solution.

► Or why not try *son et lumiere* at Mesa Verde? The imaginative French technique of using lights and sound narration to show off and tell the history of French national monuments, like the Loire chateaux, is tailor-made for telling the Mesa Verde story. And what a wonderful mystery it is! Why did the Pueblo Indians, starting the year 1210, suddenly abandon their mesa-top villages for cliff dwellings where in the winter the sun only penetrates for a few hours each day? Who was the enemy who drove them into such intricate defensive positions? Or, as the rangers now tend to believe, was it some witch doctor – some local John Birch Society – who conjured up an imaginary enemy and sent the Pueblos, endemic arthritis and all, into their dank redoubts? And what happened around 1300 when they all suddenly left the cliffs to take up residence along the Rio Grande River to the South? The trauma must have been great, for from that day to this the Pueblo culture stagnated. Nobody knows the answers to these questions, and right now not many of the Park visitors seem to care. *Son et lumiere* each evening could help arouse interest.

► Or why doesn't the Park Service buy a ghost town somewhere on the depressed and depopulated western slopes of Colorado and restore it as a living example of the fabulous heritage of our mining days? There are several possibilities around Telluride in southwestern Colorado, once a gold-rush metropolis and still located high in a mountain valley which could awe even the Swiss. Telluride harbors the ghosts of some of the most colorful speculators and desperados of the early West. But now that the veins have been mined out and with only about 60 frost-free days in the year, Telluride is rapidly losing the remnants of its population. Only the ghosts of Tomboy and Smuggler mines will soon be left – that and a great tourist potential. If the Park Service were to restore a ghost town near Telluride, its natural potential as a ski resort might be developed and a more spectacular Aspen be born.

► Or why doesn't the Park Service help to reconstruct Oñate's colony at San Gabriel in northern New Mexico and in the process give this great Spanish-American colonist his due in American history? I confess that as a supposedly educated Easterner I had never heard of Oñate or his fabulous trek from Mexico City to establish San Gabriel in 1608. A revived San Gabriel, close by spectacular Carson and Santa Fe Forests and the struggling tourist town of Taos, could be just what is needed to make northern New Mexico one of the prize attractions in the United States for tourists from abroad and from home as well. This, the heart of Spanish America, needs such an investment badly; the poverty around Taos makes Appalachia look middle class.

If the Park Service were to show a lead, maybe even the railroads would abandon their "public be damned" attitude long enough to seriously consider cultivating tourist traffic. In London, the not-too-well-heeled tourist can put his car on a train on Friday and pick it up in Lyon on Saturday for a tour of the Riviera or Burgundy. How nice it would be to be able to put one's car on a train in Washington or New York and take it off in Denver or Albuquerque for a vacation in the mountain West!

Food remains a problem. High-priced resorts like Aspen to the side, eating out in the Rocky Mountain area is a dismal experience. The food one can pick up at any railroad station in Austria, to say nothing of the *Kuchen mit Schlag* which greets the tired hiker in dozens of Austrian Alpenhuttes, puts to shame all the public fare available in the State of Colorado. Perhaps we should end the immigration laws to entice European families to settle in the West in return for promising to feed wandering tourists. After all, the late Senator Pat McCarren of Nevada wangled just such an amendment for Basque shepherds to tend the sheep of his Nevada constituents. We ran into one high in the mountains above Telluride this summer. He let us share his lunch – it was delicious.

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Young in the Thirties

by Stanley Kauffmann

At a dinner party recently, some of my contemporaries were discussing their political affiliations in the New York of the thirties, chuckling affectionately over the radical splinter-groups whose names had often been only rearrangements of some basic adjectives and nouns. The wife of one of these gentlemen asked me which of these parties I had belonged to. When I said, "None," she looked somewhat astonished and asked, "Were you apolitical?"

Starting Out in the Thirties
by Alfred Kazin
(Atlantic-Little Brown; $4.95)
Part of the Truth
by Granville Hicks
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $5.95)

This definition of "apolitical" came strongly to mind in reading Alfred Kazin's second book of memoirs, *Starting Out in the Thirties*. He captures perfectly the atmosphere of New York – and, of course, Provincetown – at that time: an era in which any conversation, even with strangers, began with assumptions like the lady's above. The inseparability of radical political and social views and any kind of artistic activity was taken for granted, like pulse and respiration. Squabbles about art and its purposes were constant between and within these groups, but one phrase was anathema to them all: ivory tower.

Kazin's first volume of reminiscences, *A Walker in the City*, is an exquisite picture of boyhood in the immigrant Brownsville section of Brooklyn, a work justly hailed for its enfolding beauty and warmth. Highly praised as it was, it was still insufficiently praised on one score: its structure – the exquisite skill with which Kazin selects, and arranges, and interweaves, the way he controls time. The book is memoir as art, not chronicle. Its purpose is not mere honesty but to re-create life, an act that always requires some judicious rearrangement of life.

It ends with Kazin at 16. This new book moves out of child life and the discovery of self into the world of thought, ambition, work, the power and necessity of choice. It expands from the primarily sensate (without losing that quality) to include the judgmental: Sheer experience becomes experience assayed. There are some further accounts of Brownsville, of a few of the people met earlier, notably his mother and the spinster cousin who lived with them, but his life changed abruptly because of an act that took place one day on the subway when he was an undergraduate. He was reading a book review in *The New York Times* that irritated him, and he suddenly left the train at Times Square, went up to the *Times* and got in to see John Chamberlain, then the (radical!) daily book reviewer. After extended conversation with the avid, literature-drenched youth, Chamberlain sent him with an introductory note to the offices of *The New Republic*, then in New York, and Kazin began his career.

His description of Wednesday afternoons at those offices when reviewers gathered for assignments from the literary editor, Malcolm Cowley, is only the first glimpse of a literary community that has no precise counterpart today. It contained the seeds, and more than the seeds, of the knifing careerism that is now part of literary life, but it also was a community bound by agreement and disagreement, by a conviction of discourse as instrumental and the discoursers as fraternally linked.

On a main thread of his own interests, reactions, absorptions, and rejec-

Median 18

More so in the morning we are moving up the hill.
I know him, I know her, I know the child,
I know nothing of them.

I know that only dark God can cast a shadow of light,
and that in the morning more so I move toward him.
Whatever moves is Mother, toward and away from him,
and by degrees a Child.
I know nothing of them
who multiply God, Mother, Child and my self
moving more so in the morning up the hill.

I know nothing of them still
who go behind and go ahead
other than they are dark gods, dark mothers, dark children
and my dark self more so in the morning moving up the hill,
which is to know nothing of them.

They multiply the dark until it is dusk,
when we are the last of light moving down the hill
and we are alone in the night.

Then I know all of them.
How brilliant the masks of men are in the morning.

GIL ORLOVITZ

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tions, Kazin hangs a series of excellent portraits of people, meetings, milieu. V. F. Calverton's *Modern Monthly* was a place as well as a magazine. Kazin says of this Greenwich Village office-home that, among the multifold types that frequented it, were "European veterans and American Jews who looked as if they had made their way to Calverton's house through a mine field." There is a fine section about that undeservedly forgotten figure, Otis Ferguson, "a sandy, caustic, wild ex-sailor," who was for Kazin the most vivid figure on *The New Republic* of those days, a commentator on jazz, radio, and films who also "wrote about literature . . . as if it were jazz." (Surely a collection of Ferguson's writings is long overdue.) The tale of Ferguson's visit to the Kazin home in Brownsville is a small epic of discomfort. Ferguson became a merchant seaman in the Second War. "He died in the bombing of his Liberty ship in the Salerno landings, and he was the only man on his ship to die" – a fact that might have amused him if he could have known it.

Enough of Kazin's sex and love life is included to keep us from wondering whether he had any, and his descriptions of it are touching. In fact, all through the book there are reminders that, in addition to his critical abilities, Kazin has literary artistry. He remembers his Provincetown landlady:

> "A swollen and testy old Englishwoman who sat all day long in the 'sun parlor' of her house . . . the sputtering but still despotic force in the old lady's face and heavily veined hands gave me a moment's glimpse of a time when people had been larger, bolder. . . . [She spoke] with a keen, cutting English accent, rapidly traversing many successive shades of condescension, personal shyness, unalterable distance from the American tenants and unadmitted interest in them."

How many of us have felt something like this when listening to English people. Now Kazin has pinned it and phrased it.

There is also one sharply unloving portrait, dating from 1940:

> "[Mary McCarthy] had, I thought, a wholly destructive critical mind, shown in her unerring ability to spot the hidden weakness or inconsistency in any literary effort and every person. To this weakness she instinctively leaped with cries of pleasure – surprised that her victim, as he lay torn and bleeding, did not applaud her perspicacity. . . . Her moving principle was that bleak, unsparing, suspicious view of human nature which is so much admired by reactionaries because it leaves the lower classes so little reason to rebel. Mary was to be stimulated to literary production by the habit of seeing other people as fools."

It is a comment that does much to explain Miss McCarthy's subsequent successes and somewhat larger failures.

But the central matter of the book is the author's maturation and the era in which it happened – an era of congruency among the fact of being young, a love of literature and thought, and the public events of the world, ugly as most of them were. "There seemed to be no division between my effort at personal liberation and the apparent effort of humanity to deliver itself." Kazin's book is not a conventional, thorough record. The subjects are selected with a discretion that makes the contents of each section even richer: By knowing what to omit, he increases our admiration of what he includes. These memoirs are brief but not skimpy, the distillations of an acute mind recalling a unique period in our history.

Kazin tells us early that he grew up in a Socialist atmosphere and was sick of the Communist dogmatism of the day.

> "I had the deepest contempt for those middle-class and doctrinaire radicals who, after graduating from Harvard or Yale in the twenties, had made it a matter of personal honor to become Marxists, and who now worried in *The New Masses* whether Proust should be read after the Revolution and why there seemed to be no simple proletarians in the novels of André Malraux."

One suspects it of being a jab at Granville Hicks, and this suspicion is later justified, with a strong qualification.

> "[Hicks'] Communism had been so pedantic that his pronouncements as literary editor of *The New Masses* had been a burden to the more sophisticated faithful. As a critic, he had seemed to me peculiarly innocent of the experiences described in the rough social documents of the thirties, but since he was also one of the nicest people in the world, arguing with Hicks made one feel unworthy."

Hicks has now published his autobiography, which he calls *Part of the Truth*, and, to judge by that book, Kazin's comment is also part of the truth.

Hicks has not confined his biography to the thirties, and he gives his reason.

> "In the thirties I had been part of a significant movement [Communism], and the histories of the decade at

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least mentioned my name. I wanted to write about that period, but I wanted to write about it as part of my life and not too large a part. . . . I wanted to see my life as a whole."

It is a somewhat sad statement for two reasons. The phrase "at least mentioned my name" has pathos. (He tells us that he met Toynbee "for the second time but at a cocktail party so large that we had few words, though I did tell him that I had read and reviewed the last four volumes of his *Study of History*. . . ." There are many such wistful touches.) Second, in proof, Hicks' decision seems mistaken. One can understand why, for himself, he wanted to see his life whole, but for the inevitably cruel reader there is not much in it of interest besides the Communist period. Otherwise, it is the story of one more decent, humane, literary workman, a story unsifted in detail, unilluminating in insight or reflection, and undistinguished in style.

"Binks and Howard came, and while I was having a minor operation on my nose, they delivered the Mangolds to the train."

"Either Dorothy would drive me to the Albany station, taking my mother with her or leaving her with Steph, or I would drive myself and put the Jeep in a parking lot."

The pages are packed with memoranda about who took whom to the train, and similar matters. Small-town life has become a faith to him, and he spares us no devotion.

But the book does provide an account of the classic New Englander of conscience – in the tradition of Roger Williams, John Adams, William Lloyd Garrison – who, in this case, was led by principle and compassion to the Communist Party and who therefore did not fear to join it. Perhaps it is not only hindsight that makes us note that, like others, he was slow to discover the difference between Communist theory and practice; but his break with the party came forthrightly, if agonizingly, when he lost his belief. There is one curious anomaly. He tells us blandly that, when he was writing his biography of John Reed, he suppressed cer-

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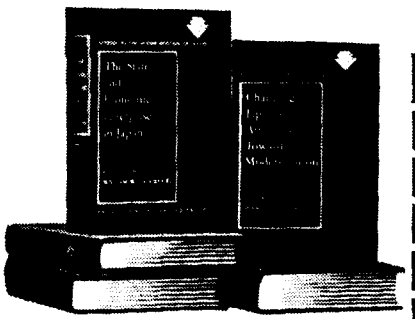

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tain passages at the party's behest; soon after, he expects us to share his outrage when Allan Nevins accused him of suppressing some other information about Reed. Nevins' accusation was untrue, but our indignation is tempered because if Nevins had known, he could have had secure grounds for another accusation.

Hicks' failure to see this contradiction, along with his failure to know when an anecdote is pointless or a detail less than trivial, fits the composite of a mind that has tried to be of service to literature and society but generally with more dedication than subtlety or depth.

His chapters on the thirties make a good factual supplement to Kazin's eloquent and evocative book. Comparisons between the two are inevitable because of similarities of profession, some similarities of experience (for example, Hicks, too, contributed to *The New Republic*), and the close publication dates of their books. But one can easily pursue the comparisons too far, from books into personalities. The books can be commented on and ranked, but there is small point in berating Hicks for not being a more brilliant man. We can assume that he would only agree. Which of us would not like to be more splendid than he is?

What Colonialism Does

by Robert Coles

Is it possible to get a comfortable people like ours to examine – and do it with feeling – the terrible underpinnings of their own comfort? I am not only speaking of the historical sources of the present wealth owned by Europe and the United States, a subject less touchy to review, but the present day actualities: the tin and bauxite, the rubber, the sugar, the coffee and bananas, the oil – all supplied us by foreign lands and foreign labor, at sacrifices to those nations and their people we do not usually wish to contemplate. How many of us care to find out about the role of American corporations in the politics of Central America and South America? Who has the time and energy to anguish over what the far-flung "informants" of our Central Intelligence Agency are doing toward keeping harsh and dishonest governments in power, or preventing their overthrow at the hands of enraged, too long denied mobs?

The Wretched of the Earth
by Frantz Fanon
(Grove; $5)

Then there is the matter of the individuals in those mobs, those whose faces sometimes confront us, their resentful, hungry, suddenly awakened expressions spread over our newspapers and television screens on a particularly bad day in Bolivia or the Congo, in Iran or the nearby Dominican Republic. If there is one bit of redemption we of the West claim it is our dedication to the dignity of each person, to his rights and overall worth, his simply for being human. We look in horror at the totalitarian regimes elsewhere – a horror, we constantly remind ourselves, that has its origins in our regard for the private citizen. (The millions in this country who still live hard-up lives, some of them under the meanest of "local" political and social systems are the unhappy exception that proves the rule.)

That being the case, how many of us see the people in those foreign mobs as the "individuals" they are, or were born to be? Such mobs confuse us. They get too insistent. They become illogical and wild. They seem thoroughly unappeased by our attention and our diplomacy. They scorn our suddenly aroused offers of money and advice. Only reluctantly do they take our parcels of food and our emissaries, fresh and eager with their bureaucratic training or engineering skills. Ingratitude is foolish, we remind them; pride a sin. The problems of power are "complicated," we tell ourselves. These things cannot be settled all at once (though it is interesting how fast many of them are settled by the sudden uprisings of the thoughtless poor and their conspiratorial, anti-colonialist leaders). Anyway, let the past be forgotten; today we are sensitive as well as what we always were, sensible. All the natives need to do is cooperate. Not only do we want progress for ourselves, we want it for everyone.

Yet, the masses continue to doubt our protestations, even our basic goodwill. Perhaps they are collectively irrational, or perhaps it is their leaders who are crazed. Often they do seem a sick lot: Castro shouting at inordinate length, Sukarno exhibiting extreme capriciousness if not chronically unstable nerves; and those fellows like vain Nkrumah, or wily Tshombe, or Kenyatta, so long associated with the eerily murderous Mau-Mau. What can you do with a shaky collection like that?

Well, we are lucky; a psychiatrist has come along, willing and able to tell us what ails such far away people and their leaders. Frantz Fanon was born in Martinique and educated in France to be a physician and specialize in treating mental disorders. At 27 he tried to describe the feelings of a Negro living in a predominately white world (*Black Skin, White Masks*). Soon thereafter he was summoned to Africa, there serving with the French during the "internal" war, the rebellion of the Algerians against the mother country. Instead he deserted to the foe, convinced that colonialism must die. He worked as a doctor for the rebels, and wrote passionately for them, publishing *Year Five of the Algerian Revolution* and this present volume, which is a study of the political and economic nature of racism and colonialism as well as an analysis of what they both do to the minds of their victims. In 1961, at 36, Fanon was dead of a cancer he knowingly ignored in order to work as a revolutionary. As he so often observed, the oppressed live short lives.

This book tells what is happening to those lives now (as colonialism re-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Gil Orlovitz *has received the Oscar Williams Memorial Fellowship of* Mutiny *magazine for 1965.* Robert Coles *is a child psychiatrist who practices in Boston.* Raymond D. Senter *is a consultant in military affairs.*

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linquishes its grasp on them) and it does so in a singular way, mixing the doctor's and psychiatrist's concern for the health of the individual with the political rebel's interest in institutional change and the street fighter's canny sense of tactics and power.

Before we can hear Fanon, we have to contend with Sartre, whose preface shows all too clearly how little of the book's spirit he has absorbed. The Parisian intellectual tries to outdo Fanon's anger, and at the same time wants to give it direction. Where Fanon cries his specific outrage at European sins, then goes on to abstain hating Europe as such, or Europeans in general (he took on French patients in Algeria) Sartre forecasts the doom of Europe with uninhibited enthusiasm and wrath, showing not the slightest effort – and he is a philosopher – to differentiate between the West's past behavior, its present struggles, or the honest future it just might have. He writes "to bring the argument to a conclusion," then follows that remark with what is the least charitable assault on Europe ever written, one that fairly quickly focuses – of all places – on Paris and its "narcissism." (It is the philosopher, not the psychiatrist, who gets tied up with language like that.)

Just as Fanon cannot escape the purposes of Sartre, the colonial peoples in general have found themselves caught in the blunt competition of the Cold War. Fanon desperately wants a way out for Africans, calling it a "Third World" that will hopefully avoid commitment either to Washington, Moscow or Peking. For him, a Stalin would be merely another imperialist.

In the major portion of the book Fanon talks mainly to – though sometimes about – this beloved Third World. I suppose, sitting at my comfortable desk, I can dismiss many of the pages as repetitious and tiring. Again and again the poor are exhorted to rise up, to break away from their jailers. (Again and again the jailers have hunted them down; and so the repetition I find in the book has been experienced by others.) The violence, the brute force that once enslaved people and still holds them at sword's point is relentlessly exposed. The violence in the violated, potential vengeance run amok, is not neglected either.

Fanon's "wretched" have yet to find true freedom, and he knew it when he died, in spite of the so-called "sovereignty" granted one nation after another in Africa. Are those countries, or the many "republics" of Central and South America, free when they are at the various mercies of foreign stock exchanges, industrial complexes, and a nondescript assortment of mercenaries, spies, agents, and what have you – in the clutch, troops – whose activities probably match the most lurid fantasies any of us can make up?

What distinguishes this book, turns it from a blazing manifesto to an authentic and subtle work of art, is the author's extraordinary capacity to join his sharp social and political sense with the doctor's loyalty to the individual, whatever his particular worth or folly. As a result, fierce hatred – to hell with the merciless exploiters, still bleeding their victims – is qualified by an alarmed recognition that native tyranny can replace its foreign predecessor. Indeed, the author systematically exposes such dangers as ultranationalism in the newly liberated countries; the cult of the leader; the kind of excessive regard for the "spontaneity" of the people that results in disorder all around; the mystification that ideas like "negritude" can produce; and the extreme betrayal threatening millions in the countryside of Africa at the hands of the colonial-trained native civil servants – to Fanon they are a rigid, arrogant crew – who try to take over the new governments when the Europeans make their reluctant or relieved departure.

It is in the book's last section that Dr. Fanon reveals his skills as narrator and artist. Shunning any temptation to avoid confusion and ambiguity, the gray in life, he gives us instead a terrifying glimpse into the mental disorders associated with both colonialism and the revolutions that aim to end it. The crushed people are brought to life as only the novelist or clinician can do it, by detailed descriptions of their private lives, their fears and terrors. One price of rebellion, the mental pain, is revealed, as are the tortures rebellion evokes from the desperate colonial authorities, many of whom eventually collapse, prey to their own bestiality.

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Fanon is impressively and painstakingly willing to see hurt and suffering on all sides, guilt everywhere, the entire population saturated with anxiety and nightmares. Children cringe; natives lunge, then collapse in panic; some of the oppressors, at last unnerved and petulant, are seized with remorse. People are tortured, pressed for information, left cowering, not for hours or days, but for the long months they, their families and their doctors must confront.

It is an awful spectacle; and in many ways the justice Fanon does to the mind of the native African under such circumstances resembles what Conrad did to the white man's in *Heart of Darkness*. Western man shares "the horror, the horror" of his nature with millions of others in all corners of the globe. Terror and madness will unite ruler and sufferer if it must come to chaos before brazen tyranny is ended. Insofar as we realize that fact, and act on what we realize, we will live safer and less corrupt lives. For all the resentment and hurt in him, Dr. Fanon had that message for us when he wrote this book, and it is a healing one.

Technological Hoax

by Raymond D. Senter

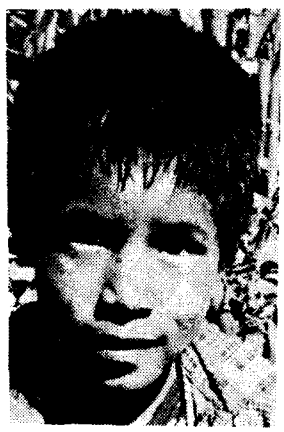
Anthony Gray, the pseudonymous author of *The Penetrators*, seeks to save the strategic bomber from what he (and many Air Force pilots facing unemployment) fear is an untimely death. The book is not likely to add even a few days to its life span. It succeeds instead, where the author did not intend, in confirming the wisdom of Defense Secretary McNamara's determined efforts to impose tighter controls on nuclear weapons so that a hot-headed military man, at least on this side of the Iron Curtain, is less likely to initiate World War III on his own initiative.

The Penetrators
by Anthony Gray
(Putnam; $4.95)

The hero is an RAF officer based at our Strategic Air Command headquarters who is certain that bombers still can penetrate the best air defenses and that American defense officials are making a grave blunder in allowing the intercontinental ballistic missile to take over the role as our primary strategic weapon. To prove his point, with the secret connivance of a top RAF official, he leads a flight of three British bombers from England (plus six supporting aircraft) on an unannounced mock attack against Washington, SAC headquarters and other vital military targets. The mock attack comes during a tense international moment when intelligence reports indicate that the USSR and Communist China have buried the hatchet and may be preparing a surprise move against the West.

The three RAF bombers do succeed in reaching their targets, although the hero finally is shot down. This would seem to a layman, perhaps, to prove the central thesis of the author and the book's leading figure. But to enable the bombers to reach their targets, the author must resort to some electronic sleight-of-hand. The six supporting RAF aircraft carry jamming equipment which "blinds" all US and Canadian air defense radar. American, British, and presumably Soviet bombers do in fact carry such equipment, but while it can momentarily "blind" a radar, such jamming can be counteracted. The very act of jamming by unidentified aircraft immediately alerts air defense radar operators to the fact that this is no off-course airliner but clearly a hostile threat. For this reason, jamming equipment is used only as a last resort and not as the author suggests.

Even if one overlooks this technological hoax, the penetration of three RAF bombers does not add one iota to their stature as strategic weapons. Even their sharpest critics concede that three, or a handful, of bombers could sneak



If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

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through our air defenses – *if* an enemy were foolish enough to launch World War III by such a pin-prick attack, he would leave several thousand long-range missiles and bombers untouched and could therefore expect a retaliatory attack which would obliterate his country. If a limited one-shot Pearl Harbor type attack made any sense in the 1940's and it was of questionable value at that time, it is utterly idiotic now from the viewpoint of any aggressor.

The author argues that the strategic bomber deserves a new lease on life because it can deliver thermonuclear and non-nuclear (TNT) warheads. This is not economically feasible for the ICBM because it is less accurate and its payload capacity is smaller. Mr. Gray suggests that if the USSR were to send its bombers to attack the US with non-nuclear bombs, an American President would not dare to retaliate with thermonuclear-tipped ICBM's for fear of triggering a similar Soviet response and that without a bomber fleet the US could not retaliate.

No one can accurately predict the response of a President to such an attack, but it seems preposterous that either the US or USSR would risk dropping conventional bombs on the homeland of the other. It is true that aging strategic bombers may earn a reprieve for use in saturation bombing in a limited war. But the 2,000 miles per hour (or faster) bomber which the author urges would be far less effective in such a situation that our present aging fleet. The book does raise the question of whether a novelist trafficking with so frightening a subject, is justified in playing a technological trick on lay readers who lack the background to discriminate between the technically possible and the impossible.

ART

Eyes in the Wilderness

By a lucky coincidence major exhibitions of two strange early American artists have been available this summer. The Smithsonian's National Collection of Fine Arts in Washington has hung one of its great treasures, the huge collection of American Indian paintings by George Catlin. In New York, the Morgan Library has been showing a stunning exhibition of the watercolors and drawings of John James Audubon, assembled and catalogued by Edward H. Dwight, director of the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute at Utica, and the leading American Audubon scholar. Both artists represent early attempts of the artistic sensitivity to come to grips with the American wilderness, to get part of it down on paper and canvas, to make it known to civilized man along the seaboard and in Europe.

Both Audubon and Catlin were fascinated by the wilderness. Both produced vast amounts of work. And both were passionately concerned to have that work communicate to the civilized public at large. And both were scientists intent on recording observable data in nature. Catlin was struck as a young man with the sight of an Indian group passing through Philadelphia on their way to present a petition in Washington. Immediately he resolved to head for the West and record that primitive life he knew would vanish from the earth. Audubon, too, the illegitimate child of a French sea captain, took his passion for birds at an early age. Neither man was enormously gifted. Both slowly and carefully perfected their gifts by trial and error and by made-up expedients. Both, moreover, combined life on the frontier with life in the coastal cities and in the Old World publishing and exhibiting their work. The stress was not on themselves as artists but on the objective reality of America, the vanishing Indian and the virgin land, and the birds and small mammals of the New World.

It is probably to Catlin even more than to Fennimore Cooper that Europeans owe their notions of the American as half-tamed, noble savage. For the painter set up "Catlin's Indian Gallery" in London and Paris over a period of years and livened the place up with visits of real surviving Indian chiefs in full regalia. Audubon devoted a great part of his energies to finding an English publisher for the work by which he chiefly lives, the elephant folio of engravings of his bird pictures. Both men, thus, were vitally concerned with the world outside their own sensitivities, the two worlds, in fact, that of the American natural reality and that of civilized intelligence; both seriously dedicated their sensitivities to making a bridge between the two.

There has always been something strange about the birds in Audubon's plates. A good deal of that strange feeling can be laid to the English engraver. The drawings at the Morgan, arranged chronologically, start out with a certain stiffness, but part of the joy of the show is in being able to watch the steady technical mastery of an artist with a limited subject. The stiffness recedes and a quite beautiful fluency appears from about the mid-1820's on. As with so many artists of the 18th and early 19th Centuries, engraving and, later, lithography were for Audubon entirely a means of reproduction. The watercolors and drawings show clearly that much of the detached, strange, slightly eerie feeling we often get from Audubon's prints would have been absent had he trained himself in gravure and made his own plates.

Some of it, on the other hand, is inherent in his methods as a recording naturalist. Very early in his career he hit upon the technique of using a kind of impromptu armature thrust through the bodies of freshly killed specimens. Like El Greco before him and Thomas Hart Benton after, he was thus painting from the model and accounting for at least part of his composition values in the construction of the model.

Those values are considerable in the major, complex drawings. Two themes predominate among the birds. They are either feeding themselves and one another or they are defending themselves, their young and their nests against snakes, including the celebrated instance of the mocking birds counter-attacking a rattler. Received opinion at that time was that rattlesnakes don't climb trees but eventually Audubon

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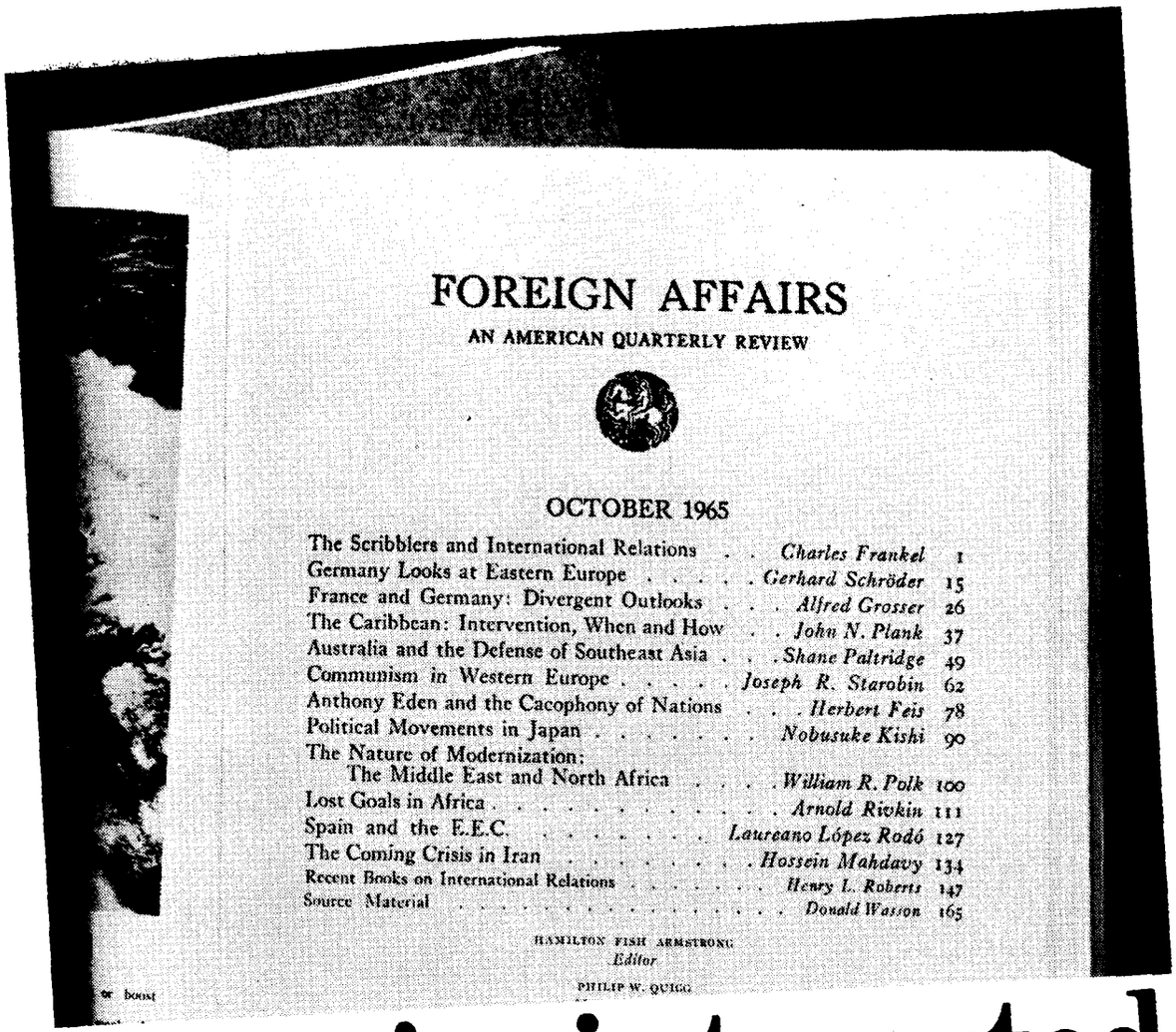

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

AN AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW

OCTOBER 1965

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was proved right. In such compositions the utter verisimilitude of blossom and berry, of feather and claw, of fang and scale, gives the scene a strange hallucinatory clearness, something like that of stop-motion photography. In life we would be incapable of taking in the scene that Audubon calmly presents. Hence the curious mixture of life and death that fascinates and somewhat repels in his work.

There is no equivalent of this quality at all in the almost 500 paintings by Catlin now on view in the Smithsonian. About half – or so it seems – of the works are straight on, sat for, portraits of chiefs and braves and an occasional squaw and child. Inevitably, despite Catlin's minute concern with details of costume and equipage, many of the red-brown faces appear to be Caucasoid in structure, just as, later in the century, the delightful Japanese prints of Commodore Perry's expedition to Tokyo reveal an American Navy made up of Japanese with Victorian whiskers and uniforms. Still, within that limitation, the portrait gallery – full-length half-length and head shots – is perhaps the most enduring homage to "our predecessors," as Daniel Webster called them in reference to Catlin, that we have made and preserved. Out of piety and respect, it is good that the nation has the Catlin Indian Gallery.

The other half, roughly, of the show has another effect not foreseen by the artist. These are endless green landscapes, mountains and rivers, buffalo herds, untracked plains. Catlin did his first Indian portrait in 1826, working with Senecas and Iroquois on New York State reservations. In 1830 he was in St. Louis with William Clark, by then a general and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the West. It was a kind of inter-war period. We had the East in hand and there was not yet the enormous pressure westward that produced the wars and massacres later in the century. Catlin's mother had, as a young girl, witnessed one of the last of the colonial massacres in Pennsylvania. Catlin, with Clark, sailed up the Mississippi to treaty talks in Wisconsin, thence to the Kansas River and Fort Leavenworth, up the Missouri and the Platte. For half-a-dozen years he roamed the open country, with and without the company of Federal troops, painting at every stop. The result is indeed the blessed country, unspoiled by man, the vision that haunts Secretary Udall so long after. Catlin was there and has preserved it for us all.

The installation at the Smithsonian will be there for a while. The Audubon show, I'm sorry to say, will be gone by the time this appears, but the catalogue by Dwight will still be available and it is a handsome and essential document in American art.

FRANK GETLEIN

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Correspondence

Sex and Nonsense

Sirs:

Allow me to vent my disappointment in – and mild fury with – your article titled "Sex and Nonsense" (September 4). I strongly salute and cheer loudly three times for Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia in spite of your nasty suspicions of his introduction into the bill of Title VII. It must be easy, however shortsighted, to suspect a Southerner.

I am appalled at the innocence and naïveté of a publication such as yours with plain drivel about some highly improbable situations which might arise out of Title VII.

I am a graphic designer or, alternatively, an art director, a layout artist, or a magazine and promotion designer. The discrimination currently practiced in this field, especially in the large advertising agencies, is hardly a "mischievous joke." Employment agencies are directed "not to send over any women." Portfolios are submitted in hopeless situations nonetheless although the employer has never been known to hire a woman. Art Directors will never employ a woman assistant although they may take one in a lesser position, and she languishes in that same spot while equally (and sometimes less equally) talented males move onward and upward. . . .

Mary Lucile Coyne
New York, N.Y.

The September 4, 1965, issue of *The New Republic* picks up and gives undeserved additional currency to the so-called "bunny" problem under the Civil Rights Act of 1964. It once more asks the question: "If a male applies for the job, does Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 require a Playboy Club to hire him as a bunny?" The people who are asking this question, which I am getting a little tired of seeing in print, might take the obvious step of reading Title VII. It provides in Section 703(E) that "It shall not be an unlawful employment practice for an employer to hire and employ employees . . . on the basis of his religion, sex, or national

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What has this man discovered about the "secret games" people play that has intrigued intellectuals and psychologists and can give you astonishing insights into your own hidden self?

His name is DR. ERIC BERNE. He is a prominent California psychiatrist. His special area of investigation: games . . . the dead serious little "games" we play with each other almost every day of our lives. (Games like RAPO, for example – our subterranean, national sex game – the unspoken call to arms that silently goes forth each night across the land.)

All of these games are at last totally exposed and brilliantly analyzed for you in a new book which – largely through the "grapevine" – has become a runaway dark-horse bestseller from coast to coast. It's called **GAMES PEOPLE PLAY.**

Dr. Berne's book, GAMES PEOPLE PLAY, is being greeted – by professionals and laymen alike – with the shock of recognition and the intense enthusiasm which go only to the breakthrough books like Reisman's *The Lonely Crowd* and Freud's *General Introduction to Psychoanalysis.*

As Dr. Berne has said, "Most people, in most of their family and business relationships are constantly playing games with each other. What's more, they are striving – often unconsciously – for an emotional 'payoff' which is startlingly different from what they might rationally expect to get from winning or losing their game. This is an intriguing phenomenon which everyone has observed at one time or another . . ." But never, until Dr. Berne, have we had anything like GAMES PEOPLE PLAY.

Here are just a few of the games and insights awaiting you (including a few that – in their gently humorous way – could actually save your sanity – or even your life).

▶ The game of **Schlemiel:** Every host or hostess who has ever had a lace curtain ruined or a rug destroyed by a "clumsy" accident will want to read this vivid analysis of one of our most common, least acknowledged party games. Find out the surprising answer to the question: Who's the schlemiel, the host or the guest?

▶ How to protect yourself if your psychiatrist starts to play **Schlemiel.**

▶ **"Mama, they're anti-sssssemitic."** Read how the latest wrinkle on this old joke is costing the American taxpayer millions each year.

▶ The game called **Homosexuality.** Dr. Berne shows why the psychiatrists' view of the homosexual is so biased, and how an analysis of his games can help the fully committed homosexual to avoid wasting a great deal of his time and creative energy.

▶ **Of great interest to psychotherapists:** an actual transcription of a session of transactional therapy with Dr. Berne's commentary.

▶ **Uproar:** A three-handed game. Dramatis personae: a maturing, teenage daughter; a father; a sexually inhibited mother. Read how one variant of this game has been sanctified as a semi-ritual in America . . . and read how the British upper classes handle it.

▶ **The Party Games.** Of course, every one of the 120 games in this book can be and is played at parties. You will chuckle or grimace as you read Dr. Berne's incisive thumbnail sketches of how often personality types like "Big Daddy" and "Little Old Me" unerringly find each other across a crowded room and how, as though by deep instinct, they start up brisk games of **Broken Skin, Blemish, How'm I Doing,** or that all-time party favorite: **Why Don't You – Yes But.**

▶ **The Office Games.** Often, a failure to understand the workings of such on-the-job favorites as **Ain't It Awful** and **Look What You Made Me Do** can cost a deserving man the advancement he deserves.

▶ **Creditor and Debtor.** Anyone who has ever suffered at the hands of one or the other – or both – will be grateful for this advice on how to have the last laugh on virulent members of the species.

> New games are constantly being discovered, especially at parties. So if you read **Games People Play** and keep your antennae tuned, you might make a real contribution to psychological research by noting and recording games that you've unearthed.

▶ The game called **Alcoholic.** This is perhaps the most startling discussion in this startling book. Dr. Berne starts off by stating, "In game analysis there is no such thing as 'alcoholism' or 'an alcoholic'; but there is a role, **The Alcoholic,** in a certain type of game." He then goes on to analyze the roles played by this **Star** and his supporting cast of **The Persecutor, The Rescuer, The Connection** and **The Patsy.** Dr. Berne shows that the "payoff", the true raison d'etre of the game of **Alcoholic,** actually lies in that aspect of the problem to which most doctors and other investigators pay the **least** attention and he casts serious doubt on the effectiveness of Alcoholics Anonymous cures.

▶ **Underworld games.** In this section you will find vivid descriptions of the most important criminal games – from third-degree **Rapo** and the **Badger Game** all the way to **Adult Cops-and-Robbers** and **I Want Out** (played by criminals desperate to stay **in** stir!).

▶ **Marital and Sex Games.** Starting off with the "three star marriage buster" called **See What You Made Me Do,** Dr. Berne pinpoints many of the stifling Punch and Judy shows which husbands and wives needlessly accept in place of the exciting, satisfying drama of real living and loving. This book offers insight into aspects of marital unhappiness from impotence to frigidity.

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▶ **Good Games.** Here are the delightful descriptions of some of the many interesting games whose social contribution outweighs their exploitive element. They include **They'll Be Glad They Knew Me** and **Cavalier** (a favorite of poets).

▶ **Beyond Games and Towards Autonomy.** In this final, inspiring section, Dr. Berne explains just what he means by intimacy, why he regards it as the highest level of experience and how the reader may attain it.

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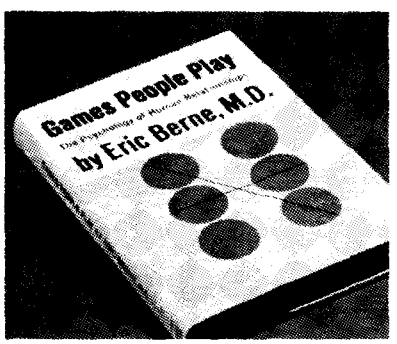

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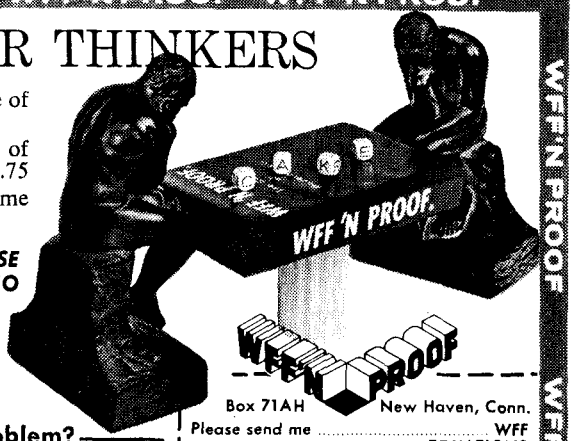

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origin in those certain instances where religion, sex, or national origin is a bona fide occupational qualification reasonably necessary to the normal operation of that particular business or enterprise. . . ."

Incidentally, this passage has one feature that has generally escaped attention, and that is worth pointing out. Although almost every other provision in the Act speaks of discrimination on the basis of race, religion, sex, or national origin, at this particular point the word 'race" is omitted. This is as much as to say that there are no circumstances under which race would be a bona fide occupational qualification. One can easily imagine that religion might in some circumstances be relevant, for example, if one were hiring an editor of *The Lutheran*; sex is obviously a relevant qualification in the kind of circumstances mentioned in your article; and national origin could be a valid consideration if one were looking for an executive secretary for the Sons of Norway. But the legislators apparently thought that no such conceivable situation could arise as to race. This is in interesting contrast with even the most advanced state laws, which leave open the possibility of asserting that race is a bona fide occupational qualification.

Incidentally, I do not think that too much should be made of the fact that the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission was organized almost a year after passage of the Act. Section VII(16) of the Act postpones the effective date of the employment portion for one year, and, although this postponement did not apply to the organization of the Commission itself, the Commission could not have begun applying the substantive provisions of the Title until July, 1965.

Arthur Larson, Director
Rule of Law, Research Center
Duke University

Miss Porter and Her Critics

Sirs:

Joseph Featherstone's piece on Katherine Ann Porter's stories (September 4) reads like too many such comments already presented: told that Miss Porter writes well, unable to understand the complexity of character and situation, barely able to sense that something meaningful is going on, this critic seizes upon some great theme (the term is Mr. Featherstone's and his choice is politics, but it might as well have been any one of a number of critics) to keep from floundering. And, in fact, it does more than read like the typical article; throughout, the reader bumps into familiar phrasese of Porter criticism, calling to mind ghosts of articles past – who said that? Wescott or West? – the most obvious being Mr. Featherstone's characterization of Miss Porter's historical and social sense to be "like a fine antenna." This characterization of Miranda in "The Grave" has, unfortunately, had to bear a considerable critical burden since its publication some years back.

These would be minor objections if there were some value in the thematic analysis or in the distillation of other criticism. But to consider "the great political stories" of Miss Porter is to suggest (to use two comparable writers) that *Dubliners* is a political criticism or that Hemingway's "The Killers" is a short political novel. (Again the term is Mr. Featherstone's; one of the difficulties of the article is its confusing and misleading language; for example, Miss Porter's "powers of poetic concentration" suggest a spiritualist at work not to mention the "spark[s] of essential spirit" and "pieces shimmer [ing] with the ominous presence of history" that Mr. Featherstone sees emanating from her writing.) Obviously, much is missed and distorted in the three writers if considered from a political point of view. Then, too, the well-worn phrase (or perhaps for a number of these critics, the worn-well phrases) seems to have been lifted from the original article without the burden of meaning which went with it (if indeed there was any to begin with). . . .

Robert W. Buckeye
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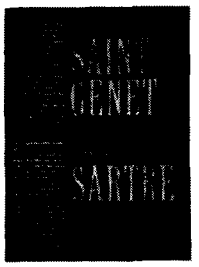

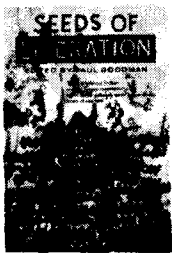

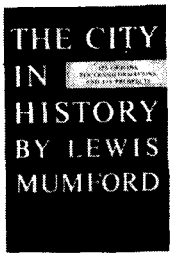

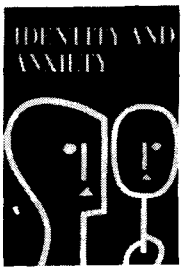

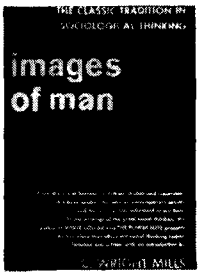

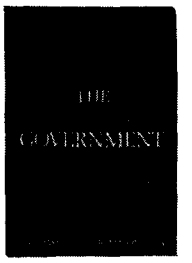

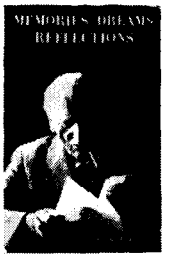

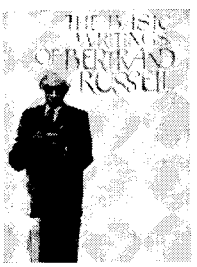

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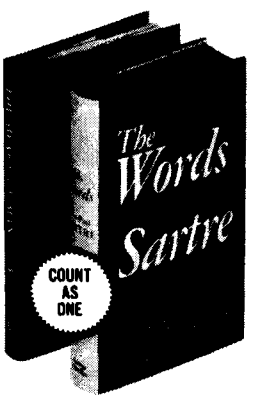

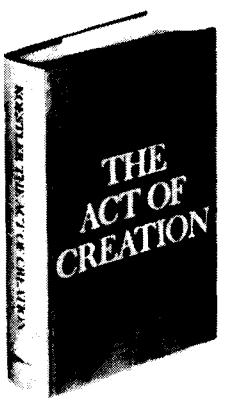

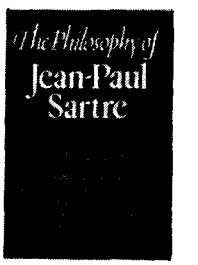

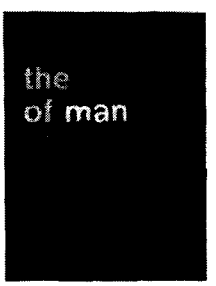

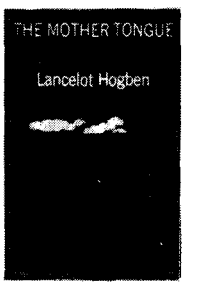

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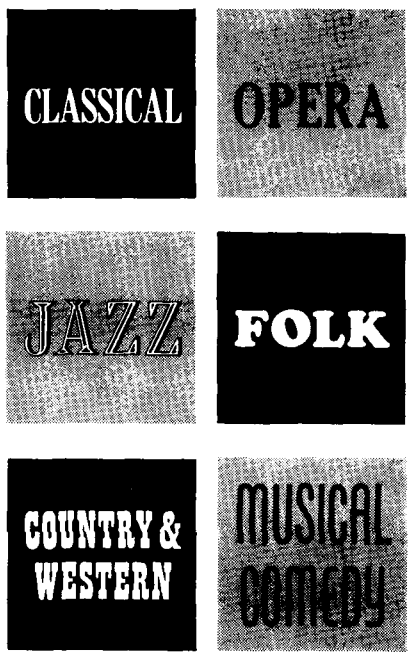
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